

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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WHOLE NUMBER 413.

Year	Month	Day	Rate	Year	Month	Day	Rate
1880	1	1	1.00	1880	1	1	1.00
1880	2	1	1.00	1880	2	1	1.00
1880	3	1	1.00	1880	3	1	1.00
1880	4	1	1.00	1880	4	1	1.00
1880	5	1	1.00	1880	5	1	1.00
1880	6	1	1.00	1880	6	1	1.00
1880	7	1	1.00	1880	7	1	1.00
1880	8	1	1.00	1880	8	1	1.00
1880	9	1	1.00	1880	9	1	1.00
1880	10	1	1.00	1880	10	1	1.00
1880	11	1	1.00	1880	11	1	1.00
1880	12	1	1.00	1880	12	1	1.00

THE TRILL OF BLUE.

Was there ever a story without a sequel? Hardly ever. That is to say, very seldom. Reader of the *Argus* will possibly remember seeing in this paper, some months since, an account of the misadventure of a beautiful young lady who unfortunately fell a victim to the then famous tattoo craze. She was, as the story goes, engaged to be married to a young man, who resided in every way the soul of truth, and regretted the confidence she reposed in him that she determined to show him love.

THE COMELY LIMP.

By having his name tattooed on her person with India ink. She planned it as an agreeable surprise, and often pictured to herself her lover's astonishment and gratification when (after marriage, of course) he should accidentally discover what she had done. Accordingly, with the assistance of an old woman who understood this art, the young girl, to make the story short, had her lover's full name tattooed on her leg just above the knee. She further ornamented her shapely limbs with a pair of indekde garters, and solemnly waited the time when George should find out how entirely she was devoted to him. Alas! for the poor girl, that time came not, for the perfidious George forsake her and married another. To say that she was intensely

MORTIFIED AND ASHAMED.

Of her romantic foolishness, would be drawing it exceedingly mild. She was frantic and for a long time inconsolable. Finally, seeing that the affair had by some means come to the knowledge of the newspaper men, and fearing that her name would become known, although innumerable pledges of secrecy had been given, the lady left the city, ostensibly on a visit, but really to take up her permanent residence elsewhere. Before she left, however, she tried every way to get rid of the now hated name, but without success. It clung to her closer than the dirt of Neosho. Now this young lady (we will call her Sarah, inasmuch as it will not hurt her name) is, as we have said, a beauty—

HER FUTURE IS UNBROKEN.

Her face combines the merits of the lily and the rose; she has a beautiful hand and nose, and her feet are models of beauty, while her every movement is grace itself. Therefore in her new home she did not long look for suitors. One day, while strolling in a very lonely street, she was compelled to expose her ankles. A gentleman who happened to be passing caught a glimpse of the ravishing pedis, and was so struck with their symmetry that he followed her, at a respectful distance, until he found where she resided, and then straightway began to cast about to secure an introduction. This he accomplished through the efforts of a gentleman friend, who was acquainted with her. One night John—that's a good name for him—was taken to the home of the lady, as per arrangement, and introduced. Sarah, with pardonable vanity, had attired herself in a bewitching costume, which showed her superb figure to advantage, while it did not trounce on the dominion of modesty. Her rounded arms, bare nearly to her shoulder, her white neck, her golden hair, the sweet expression of her face, all combined to complete the conquest already half made by the sight of her pretty feet. So what could the poor fellow do but what he did? Before he left the house he became satisfied that she was the

ONE WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

For him, and thenceforth proceeded to lay siege to her heart. Sarah, on her part, was much prepossessed with her new admirer, and (as the reader is aware) having a ripe of romance in her composition, left a little tender toward him the very first night. Matters went on smoothly, and she became conscious of the fact that she loved John. He had already given her to understand that he loved her, in more ways than one, and she waited the time when he should propose. Many thought of her former lover crossed her mind, it was speedily dismissed. She was so deeply in love that she would not allow that disagreeable episode to disturb her. Finally, the auspicious day (or rather night) came, and John asked her to be his wife. She, after the customary hesitation, said she would, and then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and called her all the sweet names he could think of, and was sorry because he couldn't think of some more, and she—well, she stood up to it like a little Trojan and

GAVE HIM KISS FOR KISS.

And sometimes more, but not if he could help it. She was so happy she didn't know what else to do, and she was long enough to take a million kisses if he had them. John stayed that night until the old folks began to think about firing him out. After

his departure, Sarah went up stairs

and sat down to review the situation while she dozed for the night. One garment after another fell to the floor. Suddenly she gave a little scream. Had she seen some one peeping in the window? No. Was there a burglar under the bed? No. Why, then, this alarm? From beneath the folds of her only remaining garment peeped

THE COMELY LIMP.

That bore the name of George, and the hideous blue circle of letters seemed to glare at her in the gloom of the night. For the first time she realized her position. She was the promised wife of a man she loved, and who, she knew, would insist on a short engagement. After they were married—what? Could he fail to discover the fact? What should she do? She was in distress—in fact, knee deep—and knew not what to do. She could not give John up, nor could she go to him and say—“Dear John, I love you, but I have another man's name tattooed on my—” No, no! She couldn't do that. She went to bed, but not to sleep. All night that blue hand seemed to stare her in the face, and she arose in the morning pale and careworn. Like a sensible girl, however, she went to her motherly old aunt and told her the whole story. The old lady simply advised her to “trust in Providence,” and this Sarah resolved to do, hoping for the best. Time rolled on, and

THE WEDDING DAY.

Drew near. John was all devotion, and so was Sarah, for that matter. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony which prevailed. The trousseau was made, the wedding tour planned, and the “vows,” as John said, “were ready for the bird.” One bright morning the wedding bells rang merrily, and John and Sarah stood before the altar and took each other for better or worse. The young bride allowed nothing to trouble her that morning and she looked as sweet as a peach, while John was all but a blooming idiot, so happy was he. Off they went on their tour, from which they did not return for some weeks. All thoughts of that terrible mark had not passed from Sarah's mind, but she was confident and as happy as a big sun flower. She had taken to rising since her marriage, and the morning air seemed to add to her beauty. As much as we dislike to intrude upon the privacy of a lady's apartments—especially such a one as our heroine, circumstances compel us to do so, in order that we may give a faithful narrative of events. One morning Sarah awoke herself, and awoke—horror of horrors!—to find John

STANDING BY HER BEDSIDE.

staring intently at her, with a curious look upon his face. “Twere well could the scene be described as ‘twas portrayed to us, but since this cannot be, those who read this story must draw upon their imagination for details. Suffice it, then, that the bride of six weeks lay there a living illustration of beauty unmarred. Her night dress had become disarranged, leaving exposed a portion of the—limb upon which the hideous blue circle appeared. Upon this was the gaze of the husband concentrated. Paralyzed by fear and shame, the poor girl lay in a half stupor, dreading, yet longing, to hear him speak. At last—and oh! how long the time seemed—he said, as he pointed to the disfigured limb: “SARAH, WHAT IS THIS?”

“Oh, John, she cried, starting up

and covering the hated mark with her gown, “I can't tell you—how could you look at me in that manner?” “How?—humpf! Are you not my wife? Do you not think a man has the right?”

“Oh, yes, but—”

“But what?”

Then she sought a woman's refuge—tears.

John sat down on the bed by her

side.

“Now, Sarah,” said he, “tell me

what that thing on your leg means?”

Almost heart-broken, Sarah, with

many a sob and burning blush, related the whole story, withholding nothing. When she had finished, her husband, without a word, arose, put aside the arm which she had thrown about his neck, and left the room. What he would do she knew not. She had almost lost the power to reason. After awhile she went down to breakfast. John was not present at the meal, nor did she see him again that day, nor, in fact, for two weeks. What the poor girl suffered during that time can scarcely be imagined. She bore her punishment as best she could, until one day there was a ring at the door, and who should it be but John, who really went up to his wife's apartments, which he entered without ceremony. There was a shriek of

“Oh! John, to my room!”

And all that sort of thing, including

some vigorous hugging and kissing.

and when the excitement had subsided the tenant husband took his wife on his knee and said:

“Darling, you might have known

that I couldn't stay away from you. I only went to punish you a little for your imprudence. I don't care if you have another fellow's name pricked on your leg, so long as you do not let any one see it, and I am sure you will not do that. I knew all about it before we were married. Your aunt, learning that trouble might come of it, told me the whole story. Had I been of a very jealous temperament you would not now be sitting on my knee.”

“You are the dearest, best,

sweetest old boy in the world,” cried the now happy wife, emphasizing her words with kisses and embraces. “And I might have said—but no matter—ain't you a darling?”

Of course John assented to this

proposition, and the reunited couple devoted the remainder of that day, at least, to hugging and kissing, just as though they had not been married yet.

If the reader wishes to know where

we obtained this accurate and detailed information, he is referred to John and Sarah themselves. We quote John's closing remarks to us:

“I don't care what you say, so long as you don't give names and locations. It was only a piece of foolishness on her part, which might have resulted worse. What I have told you may be published, but no names.”—[Louisville Sunday Argus.]

The devoted husbands.

A terrible calamity falls upon a family—the ruin of a daughter, the crushing of a girl's whole life; the bringing of another being in this world to carry through life a stigma upon its birth; the affliction and mortification of the whole family; a calamity which might soften the most cruel heart to pity, and might be expected to touch the sympathies of all the good neighbors. All possible means are taken to hide the disgrace from the world. What could be gained by spreading the shame? Months pass by; the unobscured removal of the ruined girl to a distant home, and the merciful disposal of the child, seems to have taken away the danger of exposure; the lapse of time without this exposure has in some degree mitigated the mortification.

A discharged servant girl takes

revenge by telling the tale. Months after the event a newspaper gets a vague hold of it, serves it up as fresh, and spreads it before the public with fanciful embellishments calculated to feed prurience, and making a pitiful accusation of decency by withholding names while designating the neighborhood and otherwise pointing curiosity. A rival newspaper, to make up for being a day behind, gives initials of the names, and adds other fanciful embellishments. The shame of a ruined girl, and the distress of her family are made a prurient sensation to sell a newspaper. What a trade for able bodies men to follow for a living! And this is a country where so much land lies untillied, and where common labor fetches \$1.50 per day! Women, mothers, pious women, women that call themselves society women, that are busy-bodies in church, that think themselves pious; that would be insulted at an intimation that they are not pure-minded, or that they are lacking in sympathy for their kind, read the papers that make merchandise of the terrible affliction of their neighbors, gloat over these glibly narrations; have a sensation of exultation at this calamity to their own kind, patronize these panders to their own evil and corrupt nature, make themselves accessory to this invasion of the sacred privacy of the family to its calamity a profit of the trade of scandal-mongering, and are not a whit better than the pandering trade who supplies the ware which their natures demand.—[Cincinnati Gazette.]

On a fair and full vote New York

is a Democratic State. This was demonstrated in 1876, when Tilden, in a contest that was admitted on all sides to have been conducted with rare honesty, and on a vote that was unprecedentedly large, beat Hayes by a majority of about 33,000. The new census shows that this majority ought to be increased at the coming election. The advance in population since 1876 has mainly been in those portions of the State which for years past, on a test of strength between parties, have invariably gone Democratic. Therefore with harmony in the Democratic councils, and a reasonable amount of forbearance, common sense and hard work, New York can give Hancock and English a majority of 40,000 in November.—[New York Sun.]

There is no doubt that the foot plays

a most important part in social life; often wield an influence over its destiny. We are speaking now strictly of the feminine foot, upon which so much time, labor and expense are lavished. In dancing it becomes cool and expresses a whole language of sentiment used to emphasize emotion; it gesticulates with startling force, and a lover who hesitates to announce his devotion can be brought to an immediate avowal by a transitory but maddening glimpse of a dainty foot, encased in pink, silk embroidered hose, and Nipper slippers, thrust distractingly forward.

“Her pretty feet, like snails did creep

A little cool, and then
As they played at the foot,
And soon drew in again.”

A story is recorded of a courtier who drank his lady-love's health in the shoe he had stolen from her, and at this day it is a practice with the young bloods, who ape the manners of the French regime, to have the foot of their favorite cast in marble or bronze and use it for a paper weight.

There are no people in the world so exacting in the matter of feet as actresses, and it is largely true of them that their feet are not born, but made. As a rule, they do not naturally have patrician feet, but they have artists for shoe makers, and by dint of pinching and compressing, wearing patent heel and toe-ladders, having the heel placed under the middle of the foot, and the length of the uppers shortened by stitching lines and other devices, a small, symmetrical foot is secured. It happens, however, that they can only stand the pain without fainting during a single scene, when their stage-dresser removes the shoe and restores outraged nature. So much can be done by delusion that a No. 5 foot will not appear larger than a No. 2 behind the foot-lights. The doctors who treat spinal and brain diseases can tell the rest of the story.

Beautiful feet require fine adorn-

ing; there are boots sold in New York City at \$125 a pair. They are imported from Paris, and the cloth is a mixture of gold or silver thread and silk. They are lined with the finest kid, and the buttons are gems. They are generally purchased by those who “will not, neither do they spin,” and silk stockings worth \$75 a pair are worn with them.

A pair of boots made for Annie

Louise Cory, to wear in opera, are of light blue satin, soft and thick, with blue silk lacing, tied with lovely tassels, lined with brilliant cardinal kid, and lined horizontally with lustrous ribbons of gold brand. The feet may well be handsome now, for there is everything to make them so. Immense shops filled with the finest goods, fancy silk and fancy boots and slippers; opera ties, walking ties, patent leather and kid shoes; lemon colored, old gold, lavender or Oriental satins, heels four inches high, and insteps that form a royal arch, and a faithful pedicure, who steps to the front with his sales and instruments when nature becomes obstreperous.

After all, it is the willing feet, the

helping feet—the feet that are swift to the commands of mercy—the “beautiful feet” climbing the hill of Zion or of difficulty, that are of the most value in the world. There are feet for whose step loving hearts watch and wait, and when they come it is like the coming of sweet, glad music. There are heavy feet borne down with sorrow that drag listlessly along, and there are feet that from their labors

“step down, with equal soft steps, while the open

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In royal halls and hovels of the poor.”

A FETTERED SERVANT.

A minister was questioning his Sunday School concerning the history of Eutychus, the young man who listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down was taken up dead. “What,” he asked, “do we learn from this solemn event?” when the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt, “Please sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons.”

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be estimated. It grants a new

license to murder; brings the

law into disrepute, and takes

away the terrors of the Court-

room. It shows that willful

murder can be committed with

impunity; that human life is

regarded as of smaller

consequence than a dog's,

and that no man is safe from

the pistol of the murderer and

the assassin. We are not an

advocate of the people taking

the law in their own hands,

but it does seem that there are

instances in which it might be

excusable, and the summary

dealing with such a jury

is one of them. They have

outraged their oaths, outraged

the law and, if con-

science can be meted out to

them, the odium which they

have brought upon themselves

should remain upon them,

even to their children's

children.

THE GREEN RIVER PAPERS

are urging that the next

Governor shall be selected

from that portion of the

State, to which the Glasgow

Times gives assent and

continues: "But no differ-

ence where he may come from,

let us get a man who will

keep what thieves that are

sent to the penitentiary in

its walls. It is hard enough

to get law-breakers convicted,

and perfectly outrageous to

have them escape punishment

after conviction and turned

loose on the State to commit

degradations." If the present

state of feeling continues the

next candidates for Governor

will have to be more particu-

lar in stating their positions

on the pardoning question

than on any other that may

be presented.

THE EARNINGS of the Cincinnati

Southern R. R. for the last

week ending August 28th were

\$121,000, greater by \$11,000 than for

the same period last month.

This is a practical demon-

stration that railroads increase

their profits by reducing

passenger and freight rates.

The U. S. charges only two

cents per mile for passengers,

while the other roads of the

State charge four.

JOHN SHERMAN blew his last

blast in the campaign at Pike's

House, Cincinnati, on Monday

night. His speech was the old

about the great-souled Republi-

cans who rendered the country,

in general, and of his own

almighty services in making

resurrection a success, in

particular. He was interrupted

by his speech by a man, who

had, "Now tell us something

about Arthur, why you kicked

him out of the Custom House

at Washington, and let the

Republican party nominate

him for Vice President?" and

here is his reply:

"General Arthur was removed

because he did not efficiently, as

we thought, perform his duty

as Collector of the Port of

New York. But no word was

ever uttered against his character

as a man of his standing as a

gentleman. Well, I would

not have advised his nomination,

but having been nominated on

the Republican ticket, I would

not vote for him a thousand

times over. I would vote with

him for a new treaty with

that Nation.

"The Capital Hotel at Frank-

fort has been purchased by Dr.

T. L. Taylor, of Louisville, and

will be sold, and it is said that

the purchase price is \$100,000.

"After being in session three

days, during which ninety-one

hundred and thirty-five bills

were taken, Hon. J. S. Bar-

bour, President of the Virginia

Midland R. R., was nominated

for Congress in the 9th Va. Dis-

trict over Gen. Epps, Union,

who has held the office for

eight years.

"Mr. English has held the

National Democratic Commit-

tee at Louisville, and he will not

be a candidate for the State.

He has indicated that he will

take care of his duties, with the

understanding that he is not

to be called upon to contribute

to either Senate.

"The end of the track of the

Southern Pacific Railroad is now

within 100 miles of El Paso,

and it is the intention to reach

that point on or before January

26, 1881. The 23rd inst. the

party at the front had

unmolested all obstacles

encountered in the Oregon

Mountains. The boundary

line between New Mexico and

Arizona will be reached in

twelve days.

"It is somewhat coincident

that General James Longstreet,

commander of the Confederate

troops at Gettysburg, and Gen-

eral Hancock, who was Long-

street's chief opponent in the

same battle, should each be

drawing a large salary from

the Government. General Long-

street, receives \$7,500, and

Hancock, as Major-General, re-

ceives \$5,000.

"Ben Butler's speech at

Farmville, Boston, in favor of

Hancock and English is one

of the best campaign documents

we have read. It shows up the

Republican party fully and

freely, and the General added

weight to his words by saying

that he would not be a candi-

date or aspirant for any office,

elective or appointive, at this

election, or under the coming

administration, so that his

will be the free will offering

of patriotic duty when it

shall be given to his

companion-in-arms in the

war for the preservation of

the Union, the tried and loyal

soldier and patriot, General

Hancock.

PROSECUTION OF ARNOLD'S

TRIAL.

Well, Arnold is acquitted, and

justice has been done. A fair

trial has been held, and the

verdict is a fair one. The

prosecution has been

conducted in a fair and

impartial manner. The

prosecution has been

conducted in a fair and

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